Great News from the other World;

Or a New

DIALOGUE

Between the *Marquis de Guiscard*, and *William Gregg*, formerly Clerk to the Rt. Honourable Mr. *H——y*.

Sent in a Letter from Oliver's *Porter, to Dr.* Burgess.

Old Friend,

'TIS many Years now since I left the upper *Regions*, and did partake of thy Babyloniſh Doctrine; when Inſpir'd by thee, I ſo often bellow'd out in my Frantick Appartment in *Moor-fields*. I muſt tell thee, that for theſe Twelve Months paſt, we have all been as Mad in this World as I ever was in the other; You muſt know that I am now Gentleman Uſher to my old Maſter, of the Mad-houſe he has Erected, for thoſe who crack'd their Brains with Enthuſiaſtick Preaching, of which Species I have been conſiderably well ſtock'd of late Years, but you will little Dream, that the famous *D——n*, a leading Man once in the *H——*, of *C——*, and one of the late Managers againſt *Sacheverel*, ſhou'd want a convenient Lodging in my Palace. He *Raves* worſe then ever I did at *Bedlam-Gate*; ſo that I am fain to keep him faſt Bound, leaſt he ſhou'd bring in a Bill againſt me for *High Crimes and Miſdemeanors*.

But this is a little forreign to the purpoſe, for when I begun, my Intention was ſolely to let you know that I have Employ'd under me as Secretary, and Clerk of the diſpatches, one *William Greg*, whom no doubt but thou haſt heard of, the Fellow upon thinking how unpitied he died by either Party, and with what Contempt he was receiv'd here upon that Account, grew perfectly *Crazy*; which recomending him to my Piety, I took him into my Office, but with ſtrict charge to all my other Clerks to let him ſee none of my Letters Directed to any Foreign Potentates, expecting certainly to be betray'd if he did; for when a Rogue has got a Nack to be a Traytor, 'tis not the ſence of a Halter will deter him from Treaſonable Practices. Now in concluſion I muſt tell thee, that of all the Wonders of my Lunatick Subjects, (for I am an abſolute Monarch in my own Realms) the greateſt is a bluſtring French Man, with a hard Name, call'd the *Marquis de Guiſcard*, that' came roaring mad into this World a few days ſince, and being taken up by the Conſtables, was carried before the Council of State, who began to Exaimine him; but drawing an Old Ruſty Dagger, he laid about him like a Fury, ſo that taking him for no leſs then a Madman, I had the Honour of having him made one of my Subjects. Whereupon it happen'd that I call'd to my Truſty Servant *Gregg*, who being a Fellow of good Intelligence, immediately upon telling his Name, related to us his whole Hiſtory; upon which we all ſeem'd ſupriz'd, bidding us Search him out of hand to ſee if he had never a Penknife about him, for if he had, Miſchief was the word; and upon my Soul, Doctor, if I had not magnanimouſly diſarm'd him, he had certainly written in Blood the Tragical Hiſtory of Poor *Grigg*. Upon which began a Pleaſant Dialogue between them. *Sirrah* (ſays the *Marquis*) *Art thou that* Rogue Gregg, *that was Hang'd for not Betraying thy Maſter, thou* Pigmy *of a Traytor, that durſt not Out-lye the rankeſt Jeſuit, or even the Devil himſelf, to Sanctifie thy Treaſon, cond'ſt thou not have tugg'd thy Maſter in* Right *or* VVrong, *and lengthen'd thy abandon'd Life for the ſake of more* Roguery. *I ſee Mounſieur, ſays little* Grigg *briſtling up to him, that the* Pickling *you have had in the other World, has had little Effect on you, but by the Authority I have in this Place, I can help you to a little of the bodyly Exerciſe of a good Horſe-Whip, which you ſeem to want Damnably; for all the Pickling you have hitherto had, you ſtink plaguely of a Rogue ſtill. Morbleu,* ſays the *Marquis, let me come at him, Call a French Marquis Rogue.* Bouqre! *Raskal, did not I die of the Sullens in the other World, and diſappoint 'em all, that thought to have Diſſected me like an Ox? and doſt thou think to Conquer my Audacious Spirit.*

Here, ſays *Grig, Give the word for the Chyrurgeon Intendant, and let him take off the Skin of the fore part of his Head, and waſh it well in his own Pickle. I'll ſee if the Art of this* Place *can Bridle the Temper of one vapouring* Frenchman; *Look you, Sirrah, tho' you eſcap'd Hanging in the other VVorld, we'll find out ways to* Puniſh *you here; and ſuch ways too as ſhall be equal to your Villany.* Oh *Engliſh Dog,* ſays the Marquiſs, *I cou'd Stabb him to the Heart! VVhat as you wou'd have done my Maſter,* ſays Grigg: *I have ſome Remorſe for what I did; but thou art a very mixture of the Prieſt and Devil together. I unworthily betray'd my* Maſter, *but had ſome ſence of Sorrow for the Injury done to him and my* Country; *but Hellit ſelf I ſee can't make thee relent.*

By this time my whole Palace was in an Uproar, and I was obliged to confine the *Marquis* in a Dark Apartment, and Pinion him cloſe, for fear of diſturbance; when no ſooner had we done with him, but in came a Numerous train of People to viſiit him, amongſt which was *Clement, Raviliac, Charnock,* and *King, Keyes,* and more of the *Jacobite Plotters*; but being told he was lock'd up, and cou'd not be Spoke with, they defer'd their Viſit till another time, when you ſhall not fail of a further Account. *Dear* Daniel *your Affectionate Brother in the Land. O. P.*

LONDON: Printed by the *Man in the Moon*, in the other World.